LYDIA LILY OF HEAVEN.

Interesting Personal and Ancestral Tree of Liliuokalani.

A Gay Married Life—Her Husband Was a Saxon, and to All Purposes "Un Mari Complaisant"—Miss Lydia's School Days.

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If there is anything in a name, Liliuokalani, the now famous ex-queen of Hawaii, has a lively appreciation of the fact and has "worked" it to the full extent of poetic language. Liliuokalani signifies "Lily of Heaven." The name is hers by comparatively recent adoption. In the strict sense of law she is, at present, known as the "Widow Dominis.",

When, as a dusky babe, the self-styled "Lily of Heaven" opened her dark orbs on the summer land of her nativity, she was greeted as Lydia Kamakaeha. Hawaiians have a singular practice of incorporating current circumstances and events in the names they bestow on their new-born infants. The birthday of David Kalakaua, the late king of Hawaii, was a "day of battle," as his name implies. Kamakaeha has a less heroic meaning. It merely notes the fact that the little Lydia at her birth was afflicted with sore eyes. At the outset of her career, it appears, she had her weaknesses. From the standpoint of English translation Lily of Heaven has a decided advantage of euphony over Sore Eyes, the birth

1. Prince David Kawananakoa. 2. Kapiolani, Queen Dowager. 3. Lilia Liliuokalani. 4. Insignia of Knight Commander. 5. Kalakaua, Late King. 6. Princess Kaiulani, ex-heir apparent.

name of the one-time queen, and she may well be pardoned for the royal act of substituting Liliuokalani for Kamakaeha.

Another marked peculiarity of Hawaiians is their expansive generosity in the matter of transferring their offspring to friends and neighbors who have been less favored with olive branches than themselves. The parents of Lydia of the blinking eyes were not people of large wealth, notwithstanding the fact that they belonged to the native nobility. It was, perhaps, owing to this circumstance that they so cheerfully donated their girl baby to Paki and his wife Konia, whose daughter, Bernice Pauahi, had been adopted by the queen regent, Kinau, the daughter of the Great Kemehameha, the little maid herself being a granddaughter of the Hawaiian "Father of his Country."

Lydia Kamakaeha did not suffer by the change of guardians, for the people who adopted her were counted among the most estimable of the native families who aided the missionaries to found "society" in the Hawaiian islands. Her home training was excellent and she was given superior advantages of education. She attended the Royal school, where she answered to the name of Lydia Kamakaeha Paki. Although she had been adopted by a collateral branch of the royal family, she was never regarded as a prospective queen, but passed as a simple, merry-hearted, genial schoolgirl, well liked by her mates, if at times they were disposed to question the sincerity of all her friendships. She evinced only a medium degree of ability in her studies, with the exception of music, in which she excelled.

The social debut of Miss Lydia was made in the home of her foster sister, Bernice Panahi, who was then Mrs. Bishop, a lady of an exceptionally noble character. If the spirit of "Old Hawaii" quickened the pulses of the dusky debutante it was decorously curbed while she was a member of that cultured and refined family. Mrs. Bishop, although a social leader, was by no means a "butterfly." Her life was devoted to the advancement and elevation of her race. Had fate revealed the future of the youthful Lydia, the domestic surroundings of her early life could not have been more suited to the education of a queen. The daily walk of her patroness afforded a lesson of the purest patriotism. Had she profited by it the Hawaiian question would not, in all probability, now be perplexing the wise men of two countries.

In 1862 John Owen Dominis, a young business man of Honolulu, came a-wooing and found favor in the eyes of the bronze belle of Hawaiian society. Her friends considered the match an eminently suitable one. Mr. Dominis was the son of a sea captain who was an American after the order of Christopher Columbus—he was born in sunny Italy. Like the fifteenth century navigator he, too, in steering to the westward made an important discovery. On the coast of Massachusetts he found a good woman and true whom he made his wife. She sailed the seas over with him in his brig and was a veritable new world of happiness to him. Three children blessed this union and when it came time to consider their education the Dominis parents decided to make a home in Honolulu where they immediately became identified with the best society.

The Dominis children attended school with Lydia Kamakaeha, and the subsequent betrothal of John to the "deeply, darkly" tinted charmer occasioned little surprise in the community at large. The fact that in wedding a chieftainess he was becoming the "husband of a queen" was never dreamed of.

Once launched upon the sea of matrimony young Mrs. Dominis proceeded forthwith to demonstrate that she was a Hawaiian of the Hawaiians. The social methods of the "good old times" were revived in a form, but slightly modified by nineteenth century prejudices. In an older civilization she might possibly have been charitably denominated a married flirt. The Hawaiian Dame Rumor was more severe in her nomenclature. There are difficulties of limitation in a society where morality is an exotic.

"Society as I have found it" in Hawaii presents many features quite common to the best circles of other lands. The mysterious "they" who "say" so many spicy and interesting things that serve to keep the gay world on the qui vive, and for which no one is responsible, are as industriously loquacious there as elsewhere. "They" assert that however much the young husband of the giddy Lydia may have disapproved of her frivolities, he was, to all intents and purposes, "un mari complaisant." They even intimated that he had his consolations of one kind or another, and he seems, from all accounts, to have been the recipient of more sympathy than censure. One favorite after another basked in the sunlight of the young wife's smiles, and the "latest Dominis affair" kept the gossips in rich material for a number of years. Then the mantle of royalty fell upon the family shoulders. David Kalakaua, the eldest brother, was elected king of the Hawaiian islands. Mrs. Dominis in delighted acknowledgment of the glorious event indulged in the embellishment of a new name. She blossomed forth as Princess Liliuonamoku—"Lily of the Islands."

Just why a lily should have been selected as a representative flower by the newly-made princess would be difficult for anyone not acquainted with Hawaiian royal usages to comprehend. A red, red rose or a carnation would seem far more appropriate, unless indeed the island fleur de lis is a species of tiger lily. But since the time of Kamehameha I. the initial letters K and L have alternated in the names of the royal rulers of Hawaii. Kamehameha I. was succeeded by Liholiho. The predecessor of Kalakaua was Lunalilo, and his successor must have the initial L. That Lydia did not answer the purpose was doubtless due to the poetic fancy of the future queen.

Princess Liliuonamoku, be it said to her credit, did not permit the magnificence of her royal surroundings to drive from her mind the friends of Mrs. Dominis. The patient John was rewarded with a gubernatorial chair—several of them, in fact. He was made governor of Oahu, Maui and Molokai and Lanai, became member of the house of nobles and of the privy council of state, and was decorated with all the royal orders going. He had every reason to congratulate himself that he had maintained a discreet silence and had allowed Lydia to have full swing, since she had landed him in clover. Her humble friends were not forgotten, either. Mr. Wilson, a Tahitian admirer, was promoted from the blacksmith's shop to a position on the board of public works. Just how this stalwart smithy had gained an entrance to the exclusive circles of the Hawaiian four hundred seems to be a mystery.

In 1881 King Kalakaua decided to make a tour of the world and Princess Liliuonamoku was appointed regent during his absence. The event was marked by an abbreviation of name, Liliu, a simple Lily, was the substitute. With the continuance of royal honors the princess became more ambitious. Liliu was lengthened to Liliuokalani, of Heaven, the appropriateness of which has given rise to some discussion. Queen Liliuokalani still held in grateful remembrance the friends of other days. Gov. Dominis, the royal consort, was known as Prince John. He departed this life before the wheel of fortune took a democratic turn. Friend Wilson was again promoted. He was made chief of police, a position which had its advantages, although it was not conducted strictly after the Parkhurst idea. Virually he continued to be the confidential adviser of "his great and good friend." And the cruel and censorious world says that he has not advised wisely and well; that to his influence is due largely the downfall of the queen and the loss of her numerous names, possibly that of her good name with the others. HARRIET HUNEY.

Not Likely.

Patrick McQuinn was brought up before the justice in the morning, and when asked his occupation by the clerk, said he was a sailor.

"A sailor?" retorted the judge. "I don't believe you ever were at sea in your life."

"Will," replied the disgusted Irishman, "how does yer honor think I came over from Oireland—in a wagon?"—Harper's Bazar.

THE GOSSIP OF GOTHAM.

A Leak in the State Department Dispatches.

Plagiarism in Astor's English Magazine—President Cleveland as a Judge of Toys — Corsets and the Working Girls—International Labor.

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There visited New York recently an emissary from the state department whose mission was the investigation of what is diplomatically termed a leak. The dispatches received by the government are, as is well known, sent in cipher. The cipher is guarded with a secrecy meant to be awful, but it was suspected that some unauthorized person had obtained a clew to it. This suspicion was sufficient to start a rigid investigation, and the trail led to New York. All facts bearing on these matters are carefully hidden, and the upshot of the New York visitor's trip was that there did exist a suspicion, but no certainty. When he got back to Washington there was a change in one of the codes. So quietly was the business managed that not a soul in the state department, with three exceptions, knew what was afoot.

This incident illustrates how wary the department is with the codes. One of them is styled the "sphinx," it is so guarded. The slightest reason to believe that a code clerk may be responsible for a leak results in his suspension. However, our government has been far more successful than some foreign ones in protecting its ciphers. The "sphinx" was devised by a New Yorker now in the state department, and is as susceptible to changes as the combination lock of a safe. Hundreds of messages have been sent in it, and it has never leaked. The Hawaiian correspondence with Willis is carried on entirely in this cipher, and it is never employed except upon urgent occasions, while those intrusted with the mysteries of it must be absolutely above suspicion; yet even should there be a leak, the alteration of a key letter would destroy every clew to an outsider. The Brazilian correspondence is not written in this mysterious code. Indeed, it is doubtful if the administration would consent to its use on an extensive scale, as the most expert in its mysteries must spend an hour or more in the deciphering of a single paragraph.

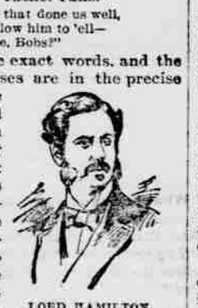
MINISTER WILLIS.

Again the Astor.

The stories that come into New York about William Waldorf Astor never were richer than now. In the Christmas number of the magazine which he has hired a lord and a knight to edit, appears a poem by Rudyard Kipling, entitled "Bobs." One of its striking stanzas says, or rather runs:

"E's the man that done us well,
An' we'll follow him to 'ell—
Won't we, Bobs?"

These are the exact words, and the rest of the verses are in the precise strain of some which knocked about the Indian and Hong Kong papers about six years ago. "This ain't no bloomin' ode," as the poet puts it further on, are also the words of the colonial fugitive verses. It seems that these resemblances were called to Mr. Astor's attention and he merely remarked upon the strange way good ideas have of occurring to different minds.



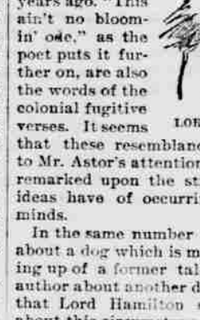
LORD HAMILTON.

In the same number appears a story about a dog which is merely the working up of a former tale by the same author about another dog. It appears that Lord Hamilton said something about this circumstance to Mr. Astor, but the latter passed it over indifferently. All of which seems to denote that the matter in Mr. Astor's magazine can hardly be considered fresh.

The fact is, and Mr. Astor's New York friends assert it authoritatively, that the millionaire's main idea is to use the publication as a means of becoming a power in English society. His selection of a lord and a knight, one of whom has already failed in literature, as editors, bears out the impression that Rudyard Kipling wrote "Bobs," to say nothing about the fact that if you are not in the fashion or possessed of some kind of fashionable influence, you cannot have the privilege of contributing to Astor's monthly affair. Very few people doubt that Astor is losing money by it, but he is undoubtedly gaining socially.

Cleveland on Toys.

The toy merchants of New York have a most discriminating customer in President Cleveland. His purchases are made regularly and consist, naturally, of such articles as would interest two young ladies who have done little more in the world than cut their teeth. Mr. Cleveland has become a good judge of toys, too, and has been seen interesting himself in babies' blocks and rattles. He can build a very good house, and his wife has taught him many things about kindergarten education.



MR. CLEVELAND IN THE PLAYROOM.

Hearing about this, a toy dealer resolved to secure the president's written indorsement of a certain gewgaw as a good advertisement. When the article reached the white house the cunning messenger set about explaining its merits to the executive. That afternoon Mr. Cleveland spent hours in building block houses with the little ones, and was so delighted with it all that he cheerfully complied with an urgent request from the dealer to give the toy a written recommendation One of his encomiums reads:

"My little daughter has already begun an enjoyment of your building blocks which will increase as years are added to her life."

The testimonial was reproduced in fac simile by the delighted toy merchant, but when the fact was brought to the attention of other toy sellers they began to besiege the president with circulars setting forth the merits of all sorts of toys, and requesting his written opinion. So Mr. Cleveland ranks as our first president who has won recognition as an authority on the merits of toys.

Those Corsets.

One of the most prominent merchants became convinced recently that the young women one of the departments of his establishment were injuring themselves by their constant wearing of tightly laced corsets, and issued a notification that in future no corsets should be worn during working hours. Instantly there was indignation and the thirty-five young women appointed a committee of three to wait upon their employer for a redress of grievances. The employer received the committee very affably and assured the young women that his orders had been issued in their interest. He pointed out that their wearing of corsets did not improve their appearance in the eyes of anyone but themselves, as they worked in a basement, where no visitors were admitted. He further read them a little lecture on the evil of wearing corsets, and, being by nature a well disposed soul, he gave a dinner to all the young women in that department one evening, at which he had present a well-known physician, who told how injurious a thing a corset is. The girls ate the dinner and listened respectfully, but the next day the committee called again upon that employer and assured him that they must ask to be allowed to wear corsets.

THE WORKING GIRL'S WAIST.

"But you will admit," said the merchant, "that the wearing of the corsets at your work is injurious to you?"

The committee admitted the fact, but declared that the experiment of going without them all had made them look horrid in their own eyes.

So that employer yielded the point as gracefully as he could. He is a man whose name is as prominent as that of any retail merchant in New York.

International Labor.

The proposition to have an international labor congress in New York has long been mooted among the city's workingmen, but only within a few weeks has the project taken definite shape. The idea has particular reference to the workingmen from England who have been expected to reach New York any time these last six months. But, somehow, the delegation chronically fails to put in an appearance. Now, however, John Burns and his colleagues have sent word that they are coming and propose to give their views on social questions to their toiling brethren in America. Mr. Burns explains the delay by saying that he and his companions are waiting until their funds are ample for the visit, as they wish to give free lectures on this side and escape the imputation of arriving on a money making expedition.

JOHN BURNS.

The New Yorkers will then ask concerning the feasibility of holding the international labor congress in New York. It is New York's turn for the conference, but, oddly enough, the foreigners declare that the new world is the scene of labor's greatest subjection and that, therefore, they do not care to come here. It is certainly true that in England workingmen may legally go to far greater lengths in the matter of boycotts and strikes than the workingmen of New York. In England, for instance, as J. Keir Hardie himself declared in parliament, no government would dare to prevent peaceable meetings of the unemployed or to prevent gatherings of workingmen with avowedly lawful intentions, as the police of New York have done. The Central Labor union has gone to the extreme of declaring that it is almost afraid to resolve that toilers are unfairly treated in the present distribution of wealth for fear of thereby violating the conspiracy laws of the state of New York.

DAVID WECHSLER.

Peculiarities of the Letter Q.

The letter Q is a superfluous alphabetic character—a nondescript of the worst sort and of no more real value in expressing or helping to express our thoughts in writing than one of the Chinese word signs would be. It never ends an English word and cannot begin one without the aid of the letter U, being invariably followed by the last mentioned letter in all words belonging to our language. The man doesn't live that can tell the "why" of the peculiar relation of the letters Q and U, or why the former was given its curious name. Some argue that its name was applied because of the tail or cue at the bottom of the letter, but the original Q, when sounded just as it is to-day, was made without the cue, the character much resembling the English sign for pounds (£).—St. Louis Republic.

A Chance in a Million.

Miss Daybye—I shall never marry.

Miss Bloom—Don't say that; some one may leave you a fortune some day.—Brooklyn Life.

Short-Sighted.

"Well, I am very sorry you are not as happy as you expected to be now you are married," said old Mr. Birmingham to his daughter, "but you will remember I told you to look before you leaped."

"I did look, papa," she replied "but you know I always was near-sighted."—Pittsburgh Commercial-Telegraph.

A Dandy.

The Smythes were giving a little dinner party soon after the arrival of Johanna Noonan, an awkward, but willing and thoroughly good-natured servant girl.

Johanna had been coached by her mistress and had been promised a present if she got through with her duties as waitress without making blunders of any kind, and the girl started in, prepared to do her best.

But in the very beginning of the dinner she upset a plate of soup all over the tablecloth while several of the guests had to rise hastily to keep their garments from being ruined.

But Johanna, turning toward her mistress with both hands uplifted, said with a chuckle:

"Now, ain't Oi a dandy, ma'am?"—Detroit Free Press.

—In 1800 France had a national debt of 714,000,000 francs. Napoleon ran the sum up to 1,272,000,000. Under the third republic in 1889 the debt was 21,251,000,000 francs, mostly contracted by wars.